

image

15 NOV DIGITAL EDITION

SPAWN



MFARLANE
Oly

image

COMICS PRESENTS:

"MYTHS"

PART 2

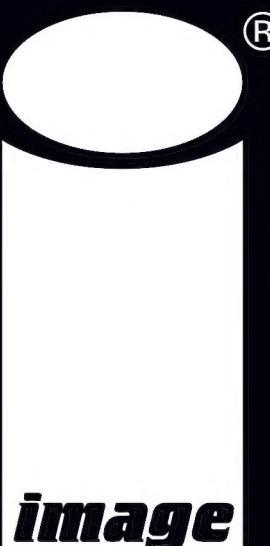


Dedicated to:
MARTIN NODELL

FOR IMAGE COMICS
LARRY MARDER - exec. director **TONY LOBITO** - publisher

SPAWN #15. Digital Edition. Published by IMAGE COMICS P.O. Box 25468 Anaheim, CA 92825. Spawn®, its logo and its symbol are Registered Trademarks 1994 of Todd McFarlane Productions, Inc. All other related characters are Trademark™ and Copyright© 1994 Todd McFarlane Productions, Inc. All Rights reserved. Any similarities to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this publication may be reprinted without the permission of Todd McFarlane.

Director Of Creative Development: **TERRY FITZGERALD**.
Graphics Coordinator: **JULIA SIMMONS**.



BANISHED BY THE DEVIL TO A LIFE ON EARTH IN HUMAN FORM, THE VIOLATOR IS AT A LOSS FOR WHAT TO DO NEXT. FACED WITH UNACCUSTOMED SILENCE FROM DOWN BELOW, HE'S BIDING HIS TIME UNTIL HE CAN FIGURE A WAY TO GET BACK HIS LOST POWERS.

NORMALLY A MISSHAPE N EMBODIMENT OF HORROR--WITH PROTRUDING HORNS AND TALONS--HE IS NOW STUCK IN A THREE-FOOT-TEN-INCH BODY, LOOKING LIKE A MINIATURE SUMO WRESTLER GONE TO SEED... **BAD** SEED. HE IS THE VICTIM OF HIS OWN FAILURE TO FULFILL HIS MASTER'S WISHES.*

ON HIS LAST MISSION, THE VIOLATOR'S ORDERS WERE TO PROVOKE THE NEWLY-ARRIVED SPAWN TO EXPERIMENT WITH ITS POWERS. INSTEAD OF STAGING A DIRECT ATTACK, THE VIOLATOR DECIDED TO DRAW THE SPAWN OUT BY GOING ON A KILLING SPREE. BY DISMEMBERING SOME OF NEW YORK'S **TOP MAFIA DONS**, THE VIOLATOR HOPED TO ATTRACT THE MOB AND THE POLICE INTO A TWO-PRONGED ATTACK AGAINST SPAWN, THE NEW, POWERFUL, COSTUMED PLAYER IN THE AREA.

INSTEAD, THE VIOLATOR ONLY COMPLICATED MATTERS; AFTER ALL, THERE WAS NOTHING TO LINK SPAWN WITH THE WEIRDLY BRUTAL KILLINGS. IN FACT, THAT SENSELESS ASSAULT CAUSED THE CRIME CARTEL TO BECOME CAUTIOUS FOR A WHILE. CRIME ACTUALLY WENT DOWN A FEW PERCENTAGE POINTS. FROM THE DEVIL'S POINT OF VIEW, THIS WAS **UNACCEPTABLE**. FOR HELL TO PROSPER, EVIL MUST GAIN NEW GROUND, AND THE VIOLATOR WAS TO BLAME FOR THIS SORRY STATE OF DECLINE. AS A PUNISHMENT, THE VIOLATOR HAS LOST ACCESS TO HIS MONSTROUS, MORE POWERFUL FORM.

OUR ROTUND VIOLATOR, THE WORLD-CLASS IDIOT, SIMPLY **DIDN'T GET IT**. FIGURING THAT HE'S MERELY BEEN **REPLACED** BY THE NEW HELLSPAWN, HE DECIDED TO TAKE A REASONED APPROACH AND BUILD SOME SUPPORT AT THE GRASS ROOTS. IF HE CAN IMPRESS THE YOUNG WITH HIS MAGNIFICENT SKILLS AND DEVIL-MAY-CARE PHILOSOPHY, HIS MASTER MAY LOOK KINDLY UPON THE EVENTUAL, DISEASED RESULTS OF HIS INFLUENCE.

CLINT, MARK AND SPAZ, THREE CITIZENS OF THE STREETS, HAVE BEEN DRAFTED AS OBSERVERS FOR HIS ONE-MAN BATTLE OF WITS.

HE'S BEEN TELLING THEM OF A CAMPAIGN AGAINST **ANOTHER SPAWN**, FOUGHT NEARLY **800 YEARS AGO**. THIS TALE, WE ARE QUICK TO POINT OUT, INVOLVES TWO VICTIMS: THE SPAWN, AND THE FACTS.

THE VIOLATOR
CLEAR'S HIS THROAT,
SPITS IMPRESSIVELY,
AND CONTINUES...

YOU HEARD ME!!
I COMPLETELY
FLAME-BROILED
THE LITTLE
BOOGER!

Ahhh...

SO NOW
YOU'RE A
FIRE-BREATHER
AS WELL AS AN
800-YEAR-OLD
FIGHTING
STUD.

EXACTLY!

AND
FORTUNATELY
FOR YOU BOYS,
THERE'S **MORE**
TO MY TALE OF
BRAVERY!

AS I WAS SAYING,
SINCE THE DAYLIGHT
WAS GONE, I NEEDED
TO POKE AROUND TO
MAKE SURE THAT
MY FOE WAS...
IN ACTUALITY...
DEAD.

I SCOURED THE
CHARRED REMAINS
FOR VERIFICATION.
THE SPAWN-WIZARD
WAS A VERY CRAFTY
INDIVIDUAL, SO I
DIDN'T WANT TO MAKE
ANY MISTAKES.

THE BOSS
USUALLY
LIKED PROOF.
HE'S ALWAYS
BEEN PICKY
LIKE THAT.

SINCE I COULDN'T FIND ANY OF
THE SPAWN'S REMAINS, MY
PROOF WOULD HAVE TO BE
FOUND ELSEWHERE.

YOUR
BOYFRIEND
IS **FINISHED**,
DEAR MAIDEN.

I HOPE
YOU DON'T
MIND IF I
ASK YOU TO
JOIN HIM.

I F I BROUGHT THE BOSS THE HEAD OF SPAWN'S WICKED MOTHER, THAT WOULD BE MY EVIDENCE. ONLY IF THE SPAWN WERE TRULY DEAD WOULD I HAVE BEEN ALLOWED TO DECAPITATE THE WITCH HERSELF.

please...

YOUR GOD IS MY ENEMY.

SO BEG ALL YOU WANT.

I HOPE HE'S LISTENING.

BECAUSE OF ALL THE PAIN SHE AND HER OFFSPRING HAD BROUGHT TO THE NEIGHBORING LANDS, I WANTED TO MAKE SURE THAT SHE DIED SLOWLY. I WANTED HER TO SUFFER LIKE ALL THOSE INNOCENT VICTIMS HER SON TORTURED.

SO I BEGAN TO CUT HER. SLOWLY.

I REJOICED AT EVERY SCREAM, SAVORING THE MOMENT. I COULD ALMOST TASTE VICTORY.

...for the love of God...

...I BEG YOU!



BUT SOMETHING WAS WRONG. I COULDN'T QUITE PUT MY FINGER ON IT, BUT THIS WAS ALL GOING DOWN FAR TOO EASILY.

THEN I HEARD HIS VOICE.

HIS HORRIFIC FORM STOOD DIRECTLY BEHIND ME. OBVIOUSLY, I HAD BURNED ONLY HIS ARMOR, NOT HIS FLESH. LIKE I SAID, HE WAS A TRICKY SON-OF-A-GUN.

THIS FINGER IS BUT THE FIRST OF MANY PIECES I SHALL CUT FROM YOUR SATANIC BODY.

HOW DARE YOU TOUCH MY MAIDEN?

HOW DARE YOU USE HER TO GET AT ME. I'D HAVE THOUGHT THE CREATURES OF HELL HAD MORE COURAGE THAN TO HIDE BEHIND DEFENSELESS WOMEN.

HAS YOUR CREATOR BECOME SUCH A COWARD?

TELEPORTING OUT OF HIS BATTLE GEAR WAS PRETTY SLICK.

HE'S
YOUR
CREATOR,
TOO!

MY PRINCE--
YOUR **BODY**--!
WHAT HAS
HAPPENED
TO YOU?!

ALREADY WEARY FROM OUR INITIAL STRUGGLE, I DIDN'T KNOW HOW MUCH LONGER I COULD LAST. I'M STILL AMAZED AT HOW LONG I ENDURED THE TWO-SIDED ATTACK FROM THE SPAWN-WIZARD AND HIS MOTHER.

I COULDN'T FAIL THEM, THE GOOD PEOPLE WHO PUT THEIR FAITH IN ME.

MY LADY IS BUT A CHILD, AN ARTISTIC SOUL. HER HANDIWORKS ARE THINGS OF JOY...

...OF BEAUTY.

BLOW AFTER BLOW I WITHSTOOD, YET SOMEHOW I KNEW I WOULD OVERCOME. THE PEOPLE OF THAT LAND NEEDED ME.



TOMORROW
SHE MAY PAINT
OF MY VICTORY, OF
HOW THE DEVIL WAS
THWARTED IN HIS
CHALLENGE TO MY
SKILLS.

TELL YOUR
MASTER THAT I
WILL NEVER BE
HIS PUPPET. NOT
NOW... NOT
EVER!!

OUR EPIC
BATTLE CONTINUED.
WITH MY SUPERIOR
SKILLS, I WAS QUICKLY
ABLE TO OVERCOME
THE WITCH. AS PANIC
TOOK HOLD, HER SPELLS
BECAME INCREASINGLY
LESS EFFECTIVE. I WAS
NOW FREE TO CONCEN-
TRATE EXCLUSIVELY
ON HER SON.



P
ROBABLY MORE TIMES THAN EITHER COULD REMEMBER. EVEN MURDER CAN BECOME TEDIOUS, I SUPPOSE.

W
ELL, IT WAS HIGH TIME SOMEONE TURNED THE TABLES ON THOSE TWO...





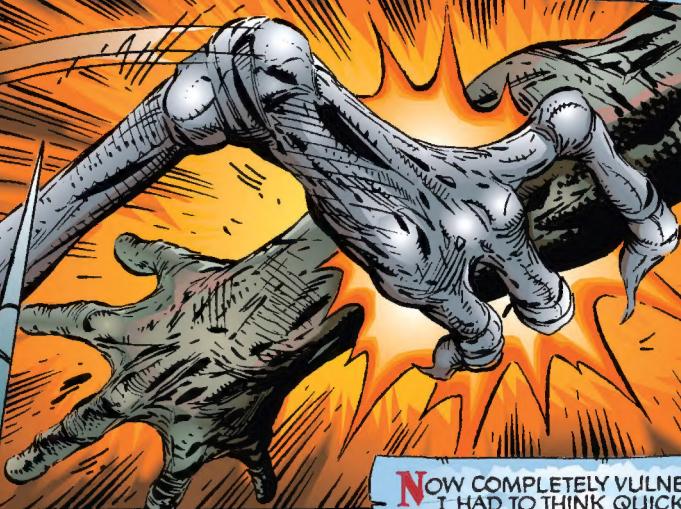
SOON, I GAINED THE ADVANTAGE AGAIN. THE BOSS HAD TRAINED ME WELL IN THE WAYS AND WEAKNESSES OF THE SPAWN.

FOR INSTANCE, WHEN FACED WITH AN OVERWHELMING THREAT, A SEASONED SPAWN WILL INSTINCTIVELY RELY ON HIS PHYSICAL SKILLS. ONLY RARELY WILL HE FEEL AT RISK ENOUGH TO DRAIN ANY OF HIS ENERGY IN RESPONSE. THESE SPAWN-WIZARDS ARE AS SKILLED AT HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT AS ANY MAN OR CREATURE THAT MAY CHALLENGE THEM. SENSING A SLIGHT IMPERFECTION IN MY PLAN OF ATTACK, HE FEINTED, THEN STRUCK.

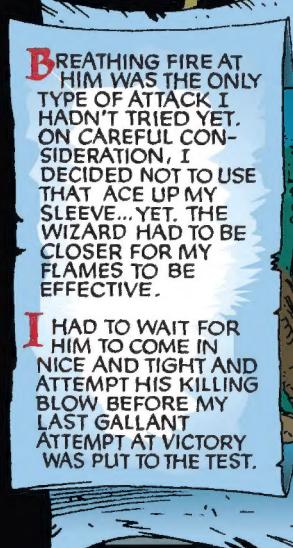


MY OVER-CONFIDENCE HAD BETRAYED ME.

I HAD BEEN RELIEVED OF MY FAITHFUL BROADSWORD.



NOW COMPLETELY VULNERABLE, I HAD TO THINK QUICKLY!



BREATHING FIRE AT HIM WAS THE ONLY TYPE OF ATTACK I HADN'T TRIED YET. ON CAREFUL CONSIDERATION, I DECIDED NOT TO USE THAT ACE UP MY SLEEVE... YET. THE WIZARD HAD TO BE CLOSER FOR MY FLAMES TO BE EFFECTIVE.

I HAD TO WAIT FOR HIM TO COME IN NICE AND TIGHT AND ATTEMPT HIS KILLING BLOW BEFORE MY LAST GALLANT ATTEMPT AT VICTORY WAS PUT TO THE TEST.



HE DIDN'T FAIL ME.

WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, I POUNCED ON HIM. THOUGH HE WAS MUCH LARGER THAN I, MY GRIT AND DETERMINATION WERE CLEARLY TRAITS NEW TO HIS EXPERIENCE.

I SWEAR BY WHAT LIFE REMAINS THAT YOU SHALL PAY FOR THE LIVES OF THESE VILLAGERS!

WHAT KIND OF MONSTER WOULD EAT THE HEARTS OF CHILDREN ???

A VERY HUNGRY, DESERVING ONE.

THOUGH I MUST CONFESS, I DO PREFER THE HEARTS OF GROWN HUMANS. THEY'RE FAR MEATIER, WITH LOTS AND LOTS OF FLAVOR.

A CHILD'S ORGANS AREN'T NEARLY AS RIPE!

DAMN YOUR SOUL!

Ah, DEAR BOY, YOU'RE FAR TOO LATE FOR THAT.

I SERVE THE MASTER AND THE DARKNESS. HE WISHED TO SEE IF YOU WERE WORTHY OF A PLACE IN HIS ARMY... WANTED TO KNOW IF YOU COULD BE A LEADER.

IT'LL BE MY PLEASURE TO TELL HIM THAT I, A NATIVE OF HELL, AM FAR BETTER QUALIFIED THAN SOME EARTHBORN BEGINNER!

THEN, MY MOMENT OF TRUTH. IT WAS NOW OR NEVER!

FASSSH

FRENCH-FRIED HIM AGAIN,
MAKING SURE I STRUCK
FLESH, NOT ARMOR,
THIS TIME.

DIRECT HIT!

IT'S OVER,
HELLSPAWN!
YOU'VE
LOST!

Uh?
WHAT TRICKERY
IS THIS?!

NOW THIS MYSTICAL
SWORD I'VE CREATED
DRAINS EVEN MORE.
THOUGH IT SHALL
SERVE A VERY WORTHY
CAUSE...

HIS
CAPE AND
CHAINS...
THEY'RE
ALIVE!

AND SO
AM I, DEAR
LOVE. THE EVIL
POWER THAT CREATED
ME DIDN'T WARN THIS
ENEMY TO THE
EXTENT OF MY
MAGIC.

HOW CARELESSLY
HE FORGOT MY
COSTUME. NOW IT
BINDS HIM INTO
SUBMISSION.

PREPARE
YOURSELF,
DEMON. YOU
ARE ABOUT
TO DIE.

IT WAS A
SIMPLE TASK TO
PROTECT MYSELF FROM
YOUR FLAMES, THOUGH
IT WASTED PRECIOUS
ENERGY.

IT WAS FINALLY
OVER. ONLY
THING LEFT TO DO
WAS COLLECT
MY PRIZED
TROPHY FOR
THE BOSS.



THE BATTLE WAS FINALLY OVER.



please...
don't hurt
me...

YOU
HAVE NOTHING
TO FEAR, MY
LOVE.

I DID ONLY WHAT WAS NECESSARY
TO PROTECT YOU. THAT MY TRUE
APPEARANCE WAS REVEALED TO YOU
IS UNFORTUNATE. YOU NOW UNDER-
STAND WHY YOU'VE NEVER SEEN
ME WITHOUT ARMOR.



I NEEDED
YOU TO WANT ME
FOR MYSELF. I'M
TRULY SORRY IF
I'VE HURT YOU
IN ANY WAY.

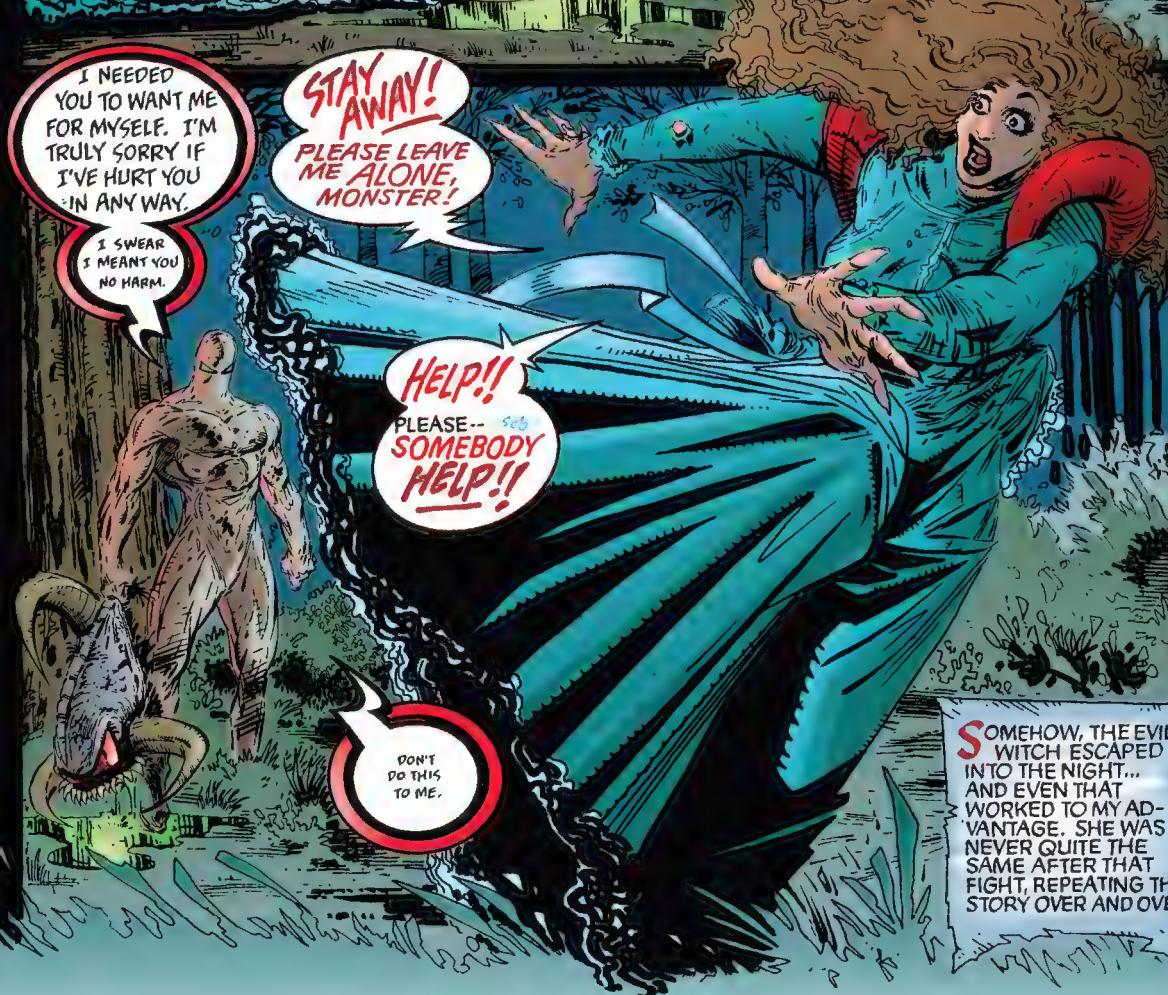
I SWEAR
I MEANT YOU
NO HARM.

**STAY
AWAY!**
PLEASE LEAVE
ME ALONE,
MONSTER!

HELP!!
PLEASE -- ^{Sub}
**SOMEBODY
HELP!!**

DON'T
DO THIS
TO ME.

SOMEHOW, THE EVIL
WITCH ESCAPED
INTO THE NIGHT...
AND EVEN THAT
WORKED TO MY AD-
VANTAGE. SHE WAS
NEVER QUITE THE
SAME AFTER THAT
FIGHT, REPEATING THE
STORY OVER AND OVER.



I BEG YOU.

SO MY LEGEND WAS BORN. THE WITCH'S WITLESS RETELLINGS BECAME MORE ERRATIC AS SHE WANDERED, VILLAGE TO HAMLET. OVER THE GENERATIONS, OTHER STORYTELLERS RENDERED THE STORY WITH WIMSY AND MAGNIFICENCE. YOU WANT PROOF? IT'S AS CLOSE AS YOUR NEAREST LIBRARY.

THOUGH THE PICTURES AREN'T QUITE RIGHT, MY LEGACY HAS ENDURED. I WAS THE FIRST DRAGON!

IT'S NOT THE NAME I GIVE MYSELF, AND I DON'T KNOW WHY THEY COLORED ME GREEN, BUT HEY! THAT'S SHOW BIZ! I'M NOT COMPLAINING!

S FOR MY BOSS, WELL SUFFICE IT TO SAY HE WAS PLEASED WITH MY WORK.

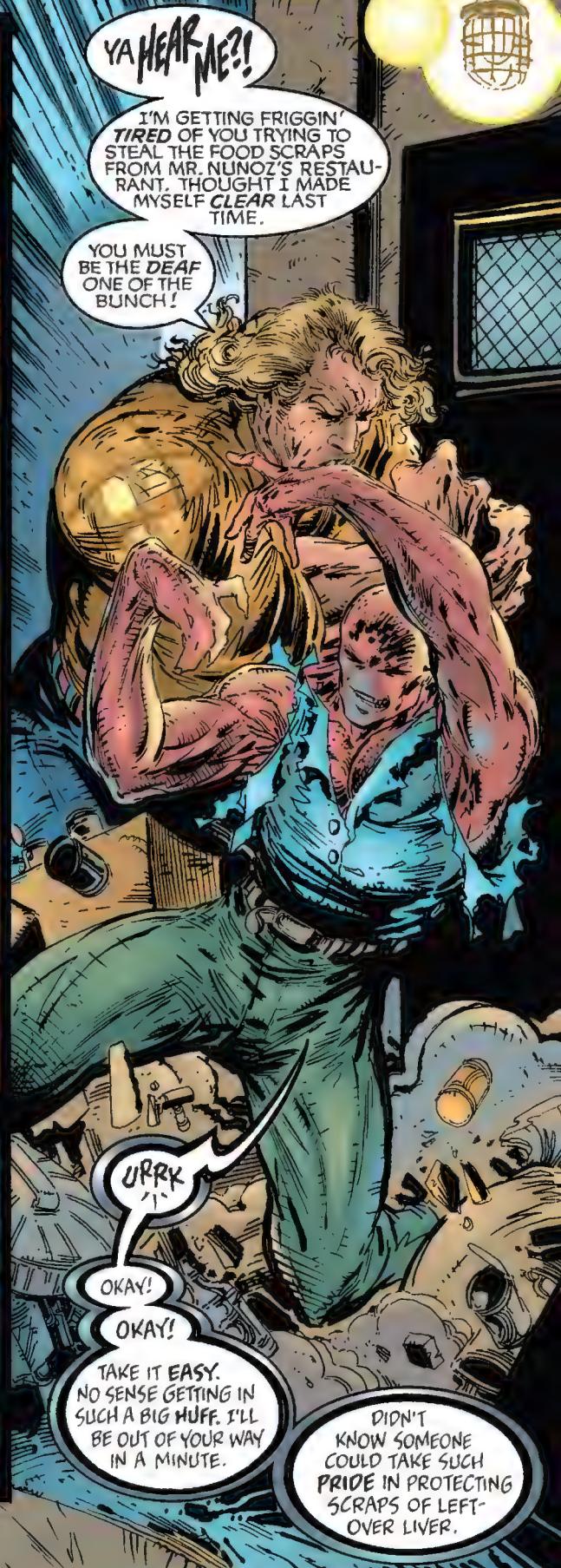
EXCELLENT, dear child!

You have done a most admirable job. Not only did you prove that my new Spawn has the potential to become a fine officer, you also managed to destroy the only thing he held dear:

...another's love for him.

I now make you whole again. You've served me well.





*FOR DETAILS OF THE VIOLATOR'S VISIT TO VITO GRAVANO'S OFFICE, SEE THE VIOLATOR'S OWN MINI-SERIES, COMING IN 1994 -- Tom

Oh--A
SMART
ASS, eh?

I DON'T NEED
NO GRIEF FROM
SOME TWO-BIT
DRUNK LOSER!

GET ME??!

GUH!

AS IT HAPPENS, AL WAS GETTING UP TO LEAVE WHEN THE MUSCLE-BOUND STIFF CHALLENGED HIM. YEARS AGO, AL'S MILITARY TRAINING TAUGHT HIM THAT NOT EVERY CONFRONTATION LEADS TO BATTLE... THAT THERE ARE TIMES WHEN A PEACEFUL RETREAT IS GOOD STRATEGY.

AS HIS MISSIONS BECAME MORE AND MORE SECRETIVE, AL DEVELOPED A REPOIRE OF SUBTLE REACTIONS.

THAT NEED HAS NEVER BEEN GREATER: HIS TOTAL ENERGY IS LIMITED. AL, A.K.A. SPAWN, NEEDS TO KEEP HIS PHYSICAL CONFLICTS TO A MINIMUM.

IT TOOK LT. COLONEL AL SIMMONS A LONG TIME TO GRASP THAT NOTION. HIS INSTINCTS TOLD HIM THAT EVERY SITUATION HAD TO BE SETTLED RIGHT THERE, ON THE SPOT. FORTUNATELY, HE LEARNED BETTER.

DAMMIT...

POWER USAGE
WOULD BE
STUPID RIGHT
NOW.





GETTIN' TIRED
OF PEOPLE CONSTANTLY
INVADING **MY**
TURF.

I JUST MIGHT
HAVE TO SEND OUT
A LONG, **LOUD**
SIGNAL:

THIS IS
SPAWN
TERRITORY!



"WE KNOW YOU'VE BEEN
MESSING WITH US,
FITZGERALD. NO ONE
LIKES A **RAT**."

"SO YOU'D
BETTER BE A
VERY GOOD BOY
AND HOPE
WE DON'T FIND
NOTHING
INCRIMINATING."



"'CAUSE IF WE
DO, THERE AIN'T
NO PLACE YOU'RE
GOING TO BE
ABLE TO HIDE
FROM US. AND
WHEN WE FIND
YOU, WORDS
CAN'T DESCRIBE
THE KIND OF **PAIN**
WE CAN INFILCT."

NOW NOW,
TERRY. IT'S A
DIRTY JOB,
BUT SOME-
ONE'S GOT
TO DO IT.

KISS THAT
BABY OF
YOURS FOR
ME, TOO.

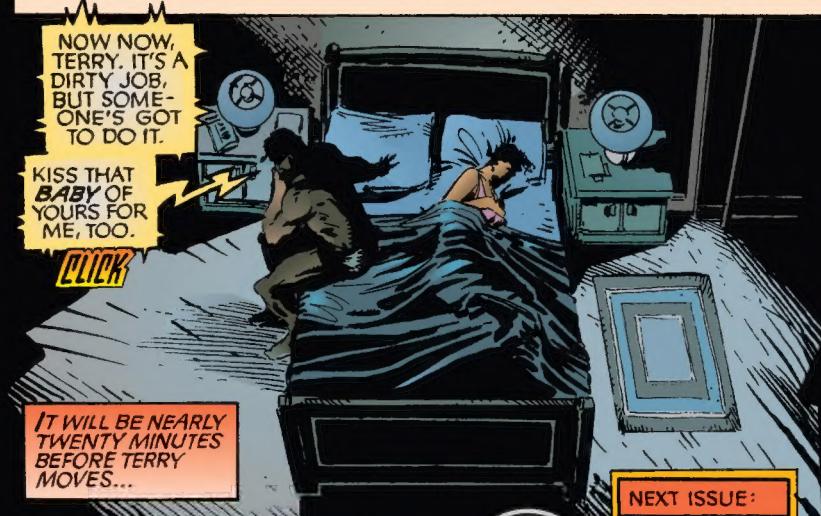
CLICK

IT WILL BE NEARLY
TWENTY MINUTES
BEFORE TERRY
MOVES...

...ANOTHER FORTY BEFORE
HE STOPS SWEATING.



WELL, GOTTA **GO** NOW.
KISS THAT BEAUTIFUL WIFE
OF YOURS FOR ME. SHE SURE
IS A LOOKER. I'VE BEEN
WATCHING HER FOR ALMOST
THREE WEEKS NOW. PRETTY
SEXY NIGHTGOWN SHE'S
BEEN WEARING.



NEXT ISSUE:
GRANT
MORRISON
GREG
CAPULLO



Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE

© 2017